

The Evening World.

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SIDETRACKED!

PRESIDENT HARDING and fourteen of the "Best Minds" of the Senate have decided to sidetrack the tariff bill and go ahead with tax revision.

The decision is in no way an indication of the collective intelligence of the fifteen minds. If a moron were blacked out until he saw stars he would be able to conclude that something had hit him.

That was what happened to the Republican organization. The country rose up unanimously and ordered the Republicans to forget tradition and party orthodoxy and get down to what needed to be done, namely, revision of taxes, and not the tariff.

Any one of the "Best Minds" ought to have been able to discover the nearly unanimous condemnation of any tariff bill now—the Fordney monstrosity in particular.

But what will the House have to say about this favoritism for the Senate? The House has perspired through several hot weeks of tariff-making only to have its work shunted aside until cooler weather and the will of the Senate and the President permit of consideration.

The reply to any such complaints should be that even the relatively mediocre minds of the House should have been able to discern the futility of their dog-day work.

TAXI HOLD-UPS.

ONE T. Arthur Joseph, in letters to the editors of several New York newspapers, has a thought for the poor taxi passenger, the victim of "hold-ups" by taxicab drivers.

He believes an ordinance should require every chauffeur

"to give every fare engaging his taxi a card bearing the license number of the taxi and the name of the driver. The passenger could readily compare the number of the card with the license number, and then, if anything happened, the police could finish the job."

It almost seems that this would introduce a needless complication into the art of the hold-up. After the driver has taken over the valuables, wouldn't he also remark, in the manner of the melodrama, "And now the card. I must have the card."

Perhaps a more effective variation would be to require the taxi drivers to hand out a post card which the prospective victim could address to his home and drop in the nearest mail box.

And when this is attended to, what shall we do for the poor but honest taxicab driver who picks up a fare only to turn around a few minutes later to see a gun leveled at his head and hear the order to fork over the day's proceeds?

When the army cantonments were established in 1917 Secretary Baker was accused of playing politics in locating more of the camps in the South than in the North.

Secretary Weeks will retain only four camps, in New Jersey, Kentucky, Texas and the State of Washington. The reason Maine, Minnesota and Massachusetts are to be disregarded is that the northern climate is unfavorable for year-round training.

That was what Secretary Baker and his advisors knew in 1917.

GOOD LUCK TO THE CARAVAN.

TODAY is the day of the great adventure for the Brooklyn "Caravaners," the twenty-five families who plan to leave on the pioneering trip to new homes on Idaho farms.

Today's caravan will be different indeed from the caravans that left this vicinity a hundred years ago, and different from the caravans leaving the Missouri River towns no longer than forty or fifty years ago.

Brooklyn's caravan will travel in automobiles. Their goods will be the equipment of the motor campers. They need not carry their tools and animals with them as the earlier settlers did.

For a thousand miles these homeseekers can travel through a peaceful, settled country. The marauders of the trail will not be the copper-colored savages, dressed in war-paint and hunting scalps. No, the enemy will wear blue denim overalls and will appear in the doors of garages to demand much money for gasoline, oil and tires.

The travelers will rarely be out of sight of the ubiquitous telephone pole for more than a few minutes. They will travel miles over concrete roadways, where the earlier pioneers struggled to help their faithful oxen through mud and sand. The trip will take days where it took weeks and months a hundred years ago.

And in the towns and cities warm welcome will await the expedition, for whatever the personal practices of the urban dwellers of America may be, there is no doubting the warmth and enthusiasm of the sentiment for the "back-to-the-land" movement.

But for all these manifest differences, there is much that is common in the caravan of yesterday

and the caravan of to-day. There is the same enterprise and ambition to better conditions, the same courage to try the new and unknown. The pioneer spirit that settled the broad continent of America is there in the hearts of the caravaners from Brooklyn.

And this pioneer spirit will be needed. It is no mean undertaking to leave the city and go to a practically undeveloped claim in the West, and without experience to work out salvation and financial independence by hard labor and steady purpose.

The leader of this band, William D. Scott, said earlier in the week: "I expect we'll have a pretty contented party when Thursday night rolls around." As we wish the Brooklyn Caravaners Godspeed and good luck, let's add the fervent wish that the venture will prove all that is anticipated and that six months or a year hence the Caravaners will be as contented as they will be to-night.

STICK TO THE POINT.

FRIENDS of the disarmament movement will find nothing to occasion concern in the Japanese memorandum which virtually accepts the invitation of the United States Government before it is sent.

Indeed the Japanese attitude, if correctly expressed by the note, is more to be commended than the stand taken by Congress and the President. The Japanese Government reminds the Harding Administration that:

"The proposition of the American Government to discuss the Pacific and Far Eastern problems is based on the close bearing they have on the limitation of armament, which is the principal aim of the conference."

In other words the Japanese want Mr. Harding to stick to the point, to talk disarmament and not ramble over all creation until the disarmament question is lost in the shuffle.

That is precisely what Senator Borah wanted when he forced some sort of action on a laggard Administration. That is what the thinking peace-makers of the United States want to-day. A conference for limitation of armaments should be a conference for limitation of armaments. Every other question is secondary.

Of course, it is inevitable that other questions will come out in the discussions, but the more completely these are subordinated to the main topic the better the chances of success.

The great moving force behind the disarmament movement is the desire of the people of all the important military nations to cut down the frightful waste of productive effort now going into the construction of big, competitive navies.

There is no reason to think that other problems cannot be settled as satisfactorily after navy building programmes have been cut one-half or two-thirds. There is every reason to hope that these troublesome questions can be settled more satisfactorily when the jingo elements in Japan, the United States and Great Britain have been deprived of a part of their trouble-making armaments.

The Japanese are entirely right when they tell President Harding and Secretary Hughes to stick to the point.

The only wonder about the wooden bathing tank near Jefferson Market Court, with its five feet of cool, refreshing water, is that there are not more of them in this big, hot city.

THE IMPENDING INVASION.

AS THE end of July approaches, a fleet of vessels is assembling off Sandy Hook. The object is an invasion of the United States. But there will be no surprise attack. The time for the invasion is set, not by any foreign power but by the Congress sitting in Washington.

The reason for the gathering of this fleet of passenger ships is the 3 Per Cent. Immigration Law. Each of the ships cruising off Sandy Hook has a passenger list which includes persons of nationalities whose entrance quota for July is already exhausted. Consequently the steamers will wait until Aug. 1 before they unload the invading immigrants. The natural consequence will be that August quotas for some nations will be filled the first day.

Is the time coming when steamship companies will compete in a race from Sandy Hook to Quarantine in the effort to land their quotas in the shortest possible time after the first minute of the first hour of the month?

Will the 3 per cent. law make it advisable for companies to have special speed boats to scud across the few miles of the Lower Bay? Will immigrants duplicate the mad rushes for free land which marked the opening of the rich Indian Territory, now a part of Oklahoma?

To all these questions the answer is "No." Congress is going to have to repeal the foolish features of this law and provide a workable method of rationing immigration even if it preserves the 2 per cent. principle.

TWICE OVERS

"MANY of our citizens have been led to believe that the housing situation has been solved; that an emergency no longer exists, and that rents will shortly begin to come down. I am exceedingly sorry for such, as the awakening will be tragic. The landlord organizations have no notion of this kind."—Nathan Hirsch.

"It is going to be a fight with the Indians right down to the wire."—Miller Huggins.

According to Lusk!

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The New York Evening World.

By Rollin Kirby



From Evening World Readers

What kind of a letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives you the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred? There is fine mental exercise and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in a few words. Take time to be brief.

Who'll Be Brave?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Are there any Senators or Congressmen brave enough to dare the Anti-Saloon League and W. C. T. U. in introducing bills for a commission to be appointed to actually determine by tests the intoxicating properties of 275 or 4 per cent. beer, and when such is determined to allow to be manufactured that which is not intoxicating, then scrap the Volstead law with its lies, and allow the beer to be sold as in the past, tax each barrel and case as before Prohibition, and license all sellers? The same license should apply to the profiteering soda water, ice cream and candy parlors, and thus gain revenue. A CONSTANT READER.

The Chinaman's Game.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The editorials of The Evening World are not only interesting but instructive, comprehensive, to the point and generally correct, but I take exception to this: "And that Chinese played a good game of poker." My version of Bret Harte shows the game referred to as having been evasive. The same he did not understand. CHAS. W. JEWELL, Woodhaven, L. I., July 26, 1921.

Fire Insurance.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have just read in the advertising columns of The Evening World an article signed by John B. Morton that attracts my attention and arouses my interest. His assertion that "fire insurance only indemnifies; it does not restore" gives food for thought. Fire insurance, unfortunately, generally is visualized as a gamble concerning only insurer and insured—society at large being a disinterested observer. Meditation has convinced me that no one wins if there be no fire competition, the demands of policyholders and State regulation combine to keep rates at such a level as to provide the insurance companies only reasonable compensation for the service they render and enable them to build up reserves sufficient to meet their obligations with normal average fire losses. When a fire occurs we are apt to ask if the property was fully insured, and if the reply be in the affirmative we dismiss it as a matter of no importance, yet "insurance only indemnifies; it does not restore." The loss is absolute.

One hundred per cent. insurance only covers property value; it does not indemnify the policyholder for loss incident to interrupted operations or loss of valuable records; neither does it compensate the employee who is temporarily deprived of earning capacity. "Insurance does not restore." When an elevator, containing hundreds of thousands of bushels of wheat burns society loses. Just that amount of human necessities has gone beyond recall and no amount of indemnity will restore it. The loss of the building represents much more than values measured by dollars; it represents both labor and materials that are utterly destroyed and cannot be restored. The insurance company is protected

UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake

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"ALERT."

On the battlefield, when the hum of the distant airplane was heard by the outposts, "Alert" was sounded. The anti-aircraft guns were made ready. Soldiers prepared to get under cover.

The timely sounding of the call saved lives. There was never any disposition to neglect it.

From one end of a command to the other there was scurrying and preparation. And if the "Alert" came in time the enemy flyer usually found it advisable to return to his own lines as speedily as possible.

"Alerts" are sounding about us all the time, but few of us take the trouble to heed them.

We go our ways in our own fashion, confident that nothing can harm us.

Neglect of health, neglect of business, over-indulgence, over-confidence, all are enemies which, while they may not be as imminently dangerous as an enemy airplane, still will "get us" if we do not prepare for resistance.

The old sound "Alerts" for the young, and the young put them down as of no consequence.

Preachers, educators, philosophers, students of life, constantly sound their "Alerts" in spoken and printed words.

We listen and smile, and do the things we have been doing.

But there are those of us who know what "Alert" means, and those are the ones who are going to be ready when the enemies are in sight.

They are going to protect their health from the raids of the many things that threaten it. They are going to protect their minds against the inroads of the hundreds of destructive habits that will ruin in a little time if no defense is found against them.

Life is and has to be a continual battle, a struggle between the good and the evil in a man or woman.

The good constantly sounds the "Alert" and the evil as constantly counsels inaction.

Listen for the "Alerts" if you expect to be anything more than you are to-day, even as much as you are to-day. Listen to them and heed them, and you will live in far less danger of the common enemy.

And false curls, and also the "puppy" eyes used in the high coiffures of to-day.

In my own circle of friends, which includes all types of girls—pretty girls, plain girls, sensible girls, frivolous girls and studious girls—I find that fully one-half of them have bobbed hair. They did not do it to attract the attention of men, which terrible crime a certain type of mildly insane people accuse them of. They did it because it is the most becoming and comfortable mode of hairdressing.

New York, July 27, 1921.

Frederick Barbers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A recent letter struck me as having the right time. It was a letter from J. M. O'Connell regarding a class of plain-colored—primitives is too good a word for them. By that I mean the barbers, who continue to charge

Stories Told by The Great Teacher

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory

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THE BARREN FIG TREE.

The story of the barren fig tree—Luke xiii, 6-9—has but a single point, but that point is a tremendous one, furnishing us, as it were, with the "acid test" of the question of questions, "What does your life amount to?"

A "certain man" ordered his vine-dresser to plant a fig tree in the vineyard. It was his privilege to give the order, he gave it and it was carried out.

This man did not happen to belong to the class known as "absentee landlords." He took an interest in his estate, and in due time he walked through the vineyard to see what account his fig tree had to give of itself.

Great was his disappointment. His fig tree was barren. It had wealth of foliage but no fruit. Among the innumerable beautiful leaves there appeared not a single fig.

"How is this?" asked the man. "I come for figs and not a fig do I see. Cut it down, sir, immediately! It is taking up room of which it is not worthy."

"Master," pleaded the vine-dresser, "won't you let me give the tree the trial of just one more season? And then if it fails to make good it shall be cut down, for it must either produce the fruit or get out of the way."

"Produce or perish! Do something that is worth while or make room for somebody that will."

For the non-producer, the fig leaf, whose only business is paying the leech or the parasite, there is no room in the vineyard. He that will not work, neither shall he eat, is the soundest of doctrine. Do something—or die.

Of course, service, like the rainbow, is many-hued. There are thousands of ways in which to work for the uplift of humanity and the advancement of the kingdom of God; but in some of these lines I must be busy or forfeit my right to be called a man.

To do nothing, to be a drone in the hive of life, to receive but never to give, to be a parasite, in a word, to be the most despicable thing in the world.

One of the most delightful features of the great uprising of the World War is the consideration that has overtaken the royal and semi-royal idlers of the Old World, the regal and princely leaders, who, after generations, had been basking in the midst of their affluent ease, doing nothing, lending no hand to the task of helping humanity onward, but, instead, hanging like so many clogs upon the wheels of its progress.

Thank God, they are at last on the scaffold, and as they are kept busy at their new occupation, a change has come over them.

As our beloved Longfellow has sung:

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the blood-dimmed plain,
He has left his dusty, golden cattle,
He has left his idle reign.

And to be a "hero" simply means being busy in some sort of work, of however humble a sort it may be, that is helping the world onward in its struggle for the true and the right, the beautiful and the good.

Where New Yorkers Tread.

STONE STREET.

STONE STREET, which has been an important thoroughfare since the earliest days of New Amsterdam, originally was Brouwer Street. That was in the Dutch days, and it received its original name because of the brewery that was on it. In fact, there were several in time, and the Dutch in that elder day used to play along the old street for their hop and it was quite a gay place.

It became Stone Street when it was paved with stone, and has the distinction of being the first street that was so treated. The paving undoubtedly was the old style cobble for which New York later was famous. The stones were like flint, seldom, if ever, were they round, slippery and impossible. Until twenty years ago there were some of these old streets downtown. Elm Street being one of them. It was to be replaced with the cut granite blocks.

Stone Street was also called Hoogh Straat. Probably if it were full of houses to-day the Hoogh would be changed to Hoogh Street.

"That's a Fact"

By Albert P. Southwick

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In the centre of the Fort Jay, Governor's Island, of 1801 was a square block-house of timber, two stories high, but probably not cannon-proof, with a well under it. This is undoubtedly the building for which Congress appropriated \$20 in 1724. At late as 1865 the superstructure of the pump remained, requiring every one who crossed the quadrangle to make a detour.

On May 18, 1875, Edward (the 1st) was murdered by his son, K. Edward, who enacted laws against excessive drinking, ordaining a fine with pins in the cup and forcing penalties on any one who should be guilty of drinking deeper than the rest. Hence the phrase "drinking deep."

Sir John Franklin sailed in a attempted discovery of the North in 1846.

War between the United States and Mexico began in 1846, the first bloody battle being that of Resaca, on Feb. 23.

What is known in furniture design as the "Century English" might more appropriately be termed the "Adam" style, as it is a combination of the styles of Robert Adam (1733-1792) and John Adam (1731-1794). These brothers were not cabinetmakers, but were architects and decorators.

Robert, especially, was much impressed with the spirit of Roman and classic Italian art, and the work of both is noteworthy for simplicity, elegant dramatic sweep and fine proportions.

Not in Press Reports.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Press despatches report the steamship Mauretania burning at her pier in Southampton. Will the Sinn Féin be accused of double-crossing Lloyd George during the truce and so charged with setting fire to the fleet?

JAMES J. MCCOY,
Richmond Hill, July 26, 1921.